"a righteous tap on the veil"

grasshopper, you'll be a master soon.

urge overkill. am i right?

paradoxically, I'm actually quite hilarious

at a demonstrably superior ratio

to the average hyper-intellectual's

intelligence to eloquence benevolence.

if it were not for unreckless negligence

the veil would be sediment.

sir, veils are for tales.

I'm trying to call heads.

What do you mean that's what

avails above the tails?

I'd like to speak to a man, ager.

One who doesn't get old, apparently?

I suppose, to pose response in prose

that flows the way it goes.

if I have excuse, this should depose what no one knows.

"What he's waiting on?"

How would I know?

I found by the way the water flows with

no reservations, myself be dammed.

I've no idea what's next,

or what I can expect is left

to reveal if right or wrong.

Or how I'll find my way back home.

The path of my resistance

fights gravity, not persistence

Though not by choice I'm patient

Impulsive not complacent

seemingly adjacent to

enactments and engagements

that outwit or at least outweigh

instinctively the statements

keeping me grounded.

It's quite confounded the

more you're around it,

I'm afraid.

There's an answer to "why"

in the middle of all that "what the hell".

Or, at least it ended with the truth.

I always get around to it,

since I'm always around it, too.

nothing worth doing is ever getting done.

nothing worth getting isn't forgotten

for the sake of forsaking the getting

was never for getting it done,

it's the chase of the hunt

that everyone wants

until it's no longer any fun.

tapping on the veil could also be, admittedly,

like losing one's virginity

for fevering feelings so frail and so fickle,

forsever forsaking one's self for a tickle.

it's great when we grasp,

but it's cold when we giggle.

every scar, every flaw, every jiggle.

shamefully blameless or namelessly famous.

we praise sanitation for fear we're all wasted.

debt has an odor that owed or debated,

drains and diminishes, divides and defaces,

the names and the places expended in spaces,

alleged in a ledger, on the ledge of forever.

I allege I have never, for once, or for "ever"

deserved so much better than

I've Ever Been Worth.

Since I've Been The Wisest

To Know I'm Priceless.